HE HEARD AT LAST.



1. "Doar old man, kindly lend me ten dollars."

A BangaUp Affair.

"Yes," said the Anarchist meaningly, as he referred to the Court function that was about to

"I say, lend me ten dollars."

Her Answer.

In the intensity of his feelings the man's

"You are so beautiful," he continues passion-

ately, "that you can well afford to be generous.

Tell me, only tell me that you will grant my

He leans back, exhausted by the effort. He has been keeping up this sort of thing for the

last half hour, and it is no wonder that his brow

Still the same ominous silence! Will she never

fist until he groans with the pain.

is mildewed with the fearful strain.

prayerd

speak? Does she mean to treat his plea with silent contempt?

But he is a man of perseverance and resource. In about five minutes he thinks up another epigram.

"My eyes," he begins, in a distant, round - the - corner voice, "are sorely dazzled by the simlight of your loveliness. In but a little while I must return to the home of my fathers-I mean my father," he adds, hastily correcting himself-"and bathe them -my eyes, that is-with rose water. Do you mean to send me from your presence the happiest or the most miserable of men?"

He has triumphed. Her eyes open-and she speaks.

"All right," she murmurs, giffing a yawn. "I give in, or I don't want to sit up all night. You may take your kiss, dear boy, and for goodness sake go home. I'm getting sleepy."

in Coudest New York. MR. SIDE STREET-Ah, my poor friend, what makes you look so pale and worn today?

MR. AVENUE-I couldn't catch a wink of sleep all night. Those confounded L. trains, just as I was falling into sweet slumber, stopped

running. -0-0 The Cause.

ASSISTANT-What's the row in the waste basket? Has the cut got into it?

EDITOR-No; it's your last poem. Its feet are so bad that it cannot help stumbling over itself.

Solomon's Judgment.

As Solomon sat on his pneumatic, adjustable and antichafe throne there came bee him two mothers, and each of claimed that which was dearer to them than life.

"It's mine!" swore one. "She tells a story; 'tis mine!" swore the other. And witnesses without number came into the court and awore to the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but there was a lie out somewhere.

Said Solomon the Great. drawing his snickersnee: "I will cut it in two, and each take a balf and go your ways."

"Good enough!" cried one. 'No, no!" shricked the other, I would not see it harmed. Let her take it all, though 'tis

"Aha!" said Solomon, sheathing his suickersuce, "it is yours, I know, for how could he owner of a brand new '97 nodel consent to seeing it

Mutual Concession.

"They are a very devoted couple," "Yes?"

"Yes. When they were married she at once took to riding his make of wheel, and he, not to be outdone, insisted that their first baby be named after her make."

Time's Changes.

OLD GENTLEMAN-Yes, yes, I like to look at these maps in the geographles and see the changes since I was a child. Ah, here is the Northwest Territory, but it doesn't seem to be the same shape it used to be.

MABEL-Oh, grandfather, that isn't the Northwest Territory. That's Chicago.

A Mean Insignation.

KIT-He told me he loved the ground - I walked on.

JUNO-I didn't know you were a land owner.

S. "Ten dollars!"

Superstition in Woman.

minded, gullible credulity." growled Judkins,

'recommend me to a woman. Give away a pair

of my trousers to an old nigger hoodoo to charm

warts off the children's hands! Madain, are you aware that this is almost the twentieth century

"It does seem a little silly," said Mrs. Judkins

mildly, "but I've heard of such things being done,

You know those trousers, John, were the pair you

tore on the lawn mower the other day and threw

"It's not the trousers, madam; it's the childish,

imbecile, fatuous puerility of the thing. Besides,

I left a buckeye in one of those pockets, madam,

that I've been carrying for rheumatism the past

Wanted Money for the Name.

MRS. DOYLE-No, times are so bad we can't

find anybody we really want to name him after.

Sequence .-

gets the first whack at me takes substantially every-

"For downright idiotic, superstitious, weak-

Hey?"

and not the middle ages?"

anide."

yet?

mother."

thing."



1. On the street it looked like an attempt at .

Not Truth, but Sranger Than Fiction

THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

He was handsome, gallant, dashing, and had the reputation of being a lady-killer. With his nerve in his hand he hazarded a call upon a thoroughly up-to-date young woman.

"Sir," she remarked when he arose and turned the gas lower even than prosperity wages, "I request that you turn that gas up again or my father will have you arrested for trespass. If you make any demonstrations of a violent character this evening I will have you put under bonds to keep the peace. And I may as well inform you that I have already procured an injunction enjoining you from kissing or attempting to kiss me. Now, you see how matters stand."

Indeed, she was a girl of the period; but the simple fact that she was a girl renders it almost superfluous to remark that the above story is not



4. "I say chase yourself, you deaf old fool!"

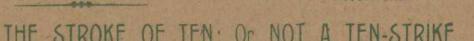
A Misin erpretation.

MRS. DEWTELL-It aggravates me orful tew

MR. DEWTELL-What's ther matter neow? MRS. DEWTELL-Why, ol' Cy Prime wuz MRS. HOYLE-Have you named your baby talkin' terday bont "our furrin' relations." when I know puffeckly well there haint never bin a Prime that didn't live in Podunk.

> A Dead Glue Away. REV. MR. GOODTHING-What did your papa.

"Your daughter doesn't take much after her say when he came home from that fishing trip? JOHNNY BROWN-He said, "'Low, Johnny. "No," the old man mused. "Whichever of them (ble) whersh muzzer ain tsh got shupper cooksh yet (hic)?



By the author of "Effic and Lucy," "The Pet Canary," "Wee Willie Winky," "Rob and His Rabbits," "Centrebit Charley, the Plug Ugly," "Duped by Dope," "Little Lily's Party," etc., etc.

of the mansion of his beloved one for the thirti- moved) that stood on the real chinchilla mantel. eth-time. In other words, he had been keeping with her stern and uncompromising paps. It was to-night or never with the young man. He had have to go-ample time for some men, but alas! stutter less than usual this night.

girl came down the chony stairs arrayed in purple and extremely fine linen.

on him with the power of a search light.

"Gug-gug-gug-good e-c-c-evening, Ffruit-Ffruff-Ffruff-Ffruff-Ffrancis. This is the lal-lalhast tut-tut-fine I'll shakus-sus-sus-sus-see you befuf-fuf-fuf-fore you gug-gug-go to Europe, a-and

I wa-wa-want to say sus-sus-something." The beautifu young creature glanced at the

Leander Ostrander entered the beryl hallway priceless clock (the price mark had been re-

"Hurry, Leander, hurry, Remember father and steady company for fifteen weeks. On the mor- the stroke of 10." Her woman's intuition in row the lovely object of his young affections, present from her mother) told her that Leander Ffrances Ffloyd Ffolliert, would sail for Europe was trying to propose, and she could scarce repress the "yes" that lay under her tongue.

"I cur-rur-rur-rur-rur-remember him too just an hour in which to propose. It was now well. The th-th-th-th-th-ught of him tut-tut-tut-Ffolliet would announce the time, and he would -ever. Ffruff-Ffru bib-bib-been calling here fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-for fif-Leander was tongue tied. Heaven send that he teen weeks and all because I want you to change your nun-nun-name from Firms-Ffrust Ffrust It seemed an age to him before the entrancing Ffrances Pfluff-Ffluff-Ffluff-Ffluff-Ffluff-Fruff-Fruff-Fruff-Fruff-Fruff-Ffluff-F Fruit-

"Ten o'clock!" roared the dread voice of Mr. "Good evening, Leander," said she, beaming. Ffoilett, and with the fateful sentence still, or his lips Leander Ostrander passed out into the night, and Ffrances, with a "yes" bubbling up in her throat, fell backward on the figured burlap sofa and fuf-fuf- texcuse me; I've gotten so used to spelling Leander's conversation that I dropped into it myself) fainted.



2. But this is what it really was-a woman reaching for a bottle and a man chopping off the head of a chicken.

His Period of Power.

MISTAH JOHNSING-Ps gwine to be a great man an' dat right soon-de greates' man dut ebah lived.

MISS SMIFF-How, niggah?

MISTAH JOHNSING-Why, 'lection times ah

His Status.

CITY MAN (among the Allegash Hills)-Your neighbor, Deacon Shellbark, is pretty-ah-"close," isn't he?

ABNER APPLEDRY-Close? He's too blamed stingy to entertain his own opinions.

A BUTCHER'S LOVE.

Oh! could I but my love re-veal In words beefitting you! But such a cow-ard I am made By those kind eyes of blue!

I'm dreaming of you day and night: In short, I cannot stop-And as a Chinaman would say, "My love you'll find 'first chop."

I never sausage toveliness! And, should you pass me by My feelings would be all cut up

Pork creature I would die! The world's a different stall to me Since on your face I've looked. Oh, tell me you will be my love, Or else my mutton's cocked1



Klondyke Justice.

JUDGE LYNCH (sternly)-Walrus Bill, you'are charged with attempting to kill your pardner, Three-fingered Smith, entirely without provocation. What have you to say for yourself?

CULPRIT-Without provocation? Huh! Him an' me was standin' in front of the Howlin' Wolf Saloon when a stranger passed by, an' Threefingered asked me who he was. I answered that he was some feller from Juneau, an' he giggled an' asked, "Juneau him?" An' then, yer honor, I jest---

JUDGE LYNCE-Served him mighty right, too! You are discharged on condition that you go an' warn the festive Mr. Smith that the next time he indulges in any sech an offence against common decency as that he'll have to answer to this Court. an' from the head of a barrel! Things is new an' raw here, an' all that, but a man can go too fartoo gosh-darned far-even here!

> *** How it is Now.

FOOTE-Reckless drivers used to be the terror of pedestrians, but things are changed now-

adays. WALKER-How's that?

FOOTE-Since bicycling has become popular the reckless drivers avenge the wrongs of the people who have to walk.

